

If this is marked with a blue pencil, it shows that your subscription is due (or will be at the end of this month) and must be paid at once or your Avalanche will be stopped.

# Crawford Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XLVIII

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, DECEMBER 23, 1926

OSCAR P. SCHUMANN, Editor and Proprietor

NUMBER 51

## MASONS FEAST GRAYLING KIDDIES

The kiddies of Grayling had a big time Wednesday evening. The first scene of the festivities was enacted in the dining room of the Michelson Memorial School. The room was packed full of kiddies from four to twelve years of age, and as rapidly as a tummy had been packed full of roast chicken and gravy and all the other good things, including ice cream and cake, another eager kiddie was given a place, until over four hundred little tummies had been filled with big dinners.

And the ladies of Grayling Chapter O. E. S. had a part in the responsibility of entertaining the kiddies too, and it was they who prepared all the good things to eat and had them all ready for the men to serve at the appointed time.

The tables were decorated with small Christmas trees on stands, each sparkling with tinsel. Large colored candles placed along the centers of the long tables added greatly to the cheerful scene. The favors at each place consisted of a candy stick wrapped in colored paper. The grown-ups who were fortunate enough to be present certainly felt amply repaid for the efforts expended in viewing the satisfied expressions on the little faces.

At that time Santa Claus appeared on the scene and created a great furor. He invited them all over to the Masonic Temple, where he said he had some surprises in store for them. After all the appetites had been satisfied, all of the kiddies thronged over to the basement of the Temple.

The first thing that greeted their eyes was a beautiful tree sparkling with many colored lights at the far end of the room. Old Santa was tickled half to death by the shrieks of delight. As the kiddies crowded toward the tree they were presented with dolls, skates, sleds, trains, or whatever seemed to fit them best. As they passed out, each one was given a large bag of candy, nuts and popcorn ball.

After all of the kiddies had gone, it was found that some, for one reason or another, had been unable to be present. After Santa had checked up on his list, he learned who these were, and enlisted a number of helpers to assist in delivering a present, and a bag of candy to each absentee. Old Santa learned that one little boy with a mangled arm was at the hospital, so he hopped in his sleigh and went right up there. The little lad was tickled, he can't have a visit from Santa who had a dandy present for him.

After "Old Whiskers" had finished his work, he sighed with satisfaction and, with a wave of his hand, cracked his long whip over his reindeer and disappeared. After he had gone, it was found he had left six hundred presents and six hundred bags of candy and nuts behind. How he had gotten all these things in his sleigh is a mystery that is still unsolved.

While the Masonic Big Brothers obtained a great deal of satisfaction in sponsoring the affair which involved a great deal of work, they are indebted to a great many others who assisted in many ways. It is hoped they feel repaid for their time and effort in knowing that the Christmas Spirit has been brought to many children, who otherwise may have been forgotten.

"Doc" Sackrider of Owosso pleaded guilty in court before Justice Kraus to violation of the game law and was fined \$50.00 and costs. Sackrider gave sworn testimony implicating Capt. Fagan and a Mr. McVeigh both state employees in Lansing, charging them with having brought into camp a town deer.

### UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

Charles Mackay  
Ye, who have scorned each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye, who by word or deed  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here!  
Let sinned against and sinning  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now;  
Be links no longer broken  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken  
Under the holly bough.

### COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE

#### CAROLERS TO SING CHRISTMAS EVE AT TREE.

The community is again to enjoy a fine Yuletide tree near the court yard corner, and listen to the old Christmas songs as sung by a chorus of trained singers.

The tree and the program is being sponsored by the ladies of the Good Fellowship club, as it was last year. Mrs. C. G. Clippert is general chairman of the singing, and that assures a fine program.

Many will remember the pleasures of the similar program given last year and will want to be present. Let's have a big crowd and enjoy hearing again the Christmas songs of old.

In addition to the selected singers there will be groups of school children to assist in the singing. The program is to begin at 7:30 Friday evening.

#### A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE M. E. CHURCH LIBRARY

The Michelson Memorial Sunday school are the recipients of a fine gift of fifteen new books for their library, the donor being Mrs. Olaf Michelson of Detroit. The books are as follows:

A Wonder Book, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Big Game, Lawrence Perry.

Kenneth, Jane D. Abbott.

Pinocchio, C. Collodi.

Wolf, Albert Payson Terhune.

Sandman's Rainy Day Stories, Ab.

Philippe Rainey.

Little Jack Rabbit and Chippy Chimpunk, David Cory.

Little Jack Rabbit's Adventures, David Cory.

Poppy Ott's Seven League Stilts, Leo Edwards.

Poppy Ott and the Stuttering Parrot, Leo Edwards.

Peter Pan and Wendy, J. M. Barrie.

Woodcraft Boys at Sunset Island, Roy and Horsington.

The Wonder Book of Bible Stories, Logan Marshall.

A Child's Garden of Verses, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Alice Through the Looking Glass, Lewis Carroll.

This is a very good selection of books and the Sunday School is proud to add them to their library.

They have already sent Mrs. Michelson a letter of thanks and appreciation for this fine gift.

The money, with which the other books were bought, which were mentioned recently in the columns of the Avalanche, was a gift also to the Sunday school. The books are to be catalogued as soon as possible, and then they will be ready for circulation.

Another book, "Robinson Crusoe" by DeFoe, belonging to the old Sunday School library of the Michelson Memorial church has come to light. If there are any other books in the homes of anyone, the Sunday School will be very glad to have them brought in at once, in order that they may be catalogued with the rest of the books.

#### GOVERNORS TO MEET IN MICHIGAN

The East Michigan Tourist Association was one of the organizations in the state which invited the governors of the United States to hold their annual conference in Michigan last year. At that time the chivalric instincts of the governors prevailed and they succumbed to the invitation of a state which has a feminine governor. It has now been announced that the governors will hold their 12th annual conference at Mackinac Island.

#### E. M. T. TO BE REPRESENTED AT CONSERVATION MEET

Governor-elect Fred W. Green has issued a call for a meeting at Ionia, December 27, of representatives of various Michigan groups whose interests are identified with, or parallel, to conservation.

Herman Lunden of Gaylord, president of the North Eastern Michigan Development Bureau will represent that organization at the meeting and the East Michigan Tourist Association will be represented by Otto F. Louis of Bay City.

#### GREETINGS

I sincerely appreciate the good will that has made possible our pleasant business relations during the past year, and trust that the same may continue for years to come.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

A. E. Hendrickson,  
The Tailor.

#### READY TO COLLECT TAXES

I will be at the Treasurer's office in the Court house beginning Monday, December 26th to collect taxes for the Township of Grayling. The hours will be from 8 a.m. to 12:00 o'clock noon; and from 1 to 5 p.m.

Also on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

CARL J. JENSON,  
Township Treasurer.

## Christmas Decorations



### CHARITY BALL NEW YEARS EVE

#### EXTRACTS FROM PROGRAM OF WOMAN'S CLUB

The regular meeting of the Woman's club was held Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Emil Giegling.

The program consisted of Christ-

mas poems, a book review and music.

The poems were "Christmas Everywhere," by Phillip Brooks, "Just

Fore Christmas," by Eugene Field,

and "The Night before Christmas,"

by Clement Moore.

In the poem last

mentioned, we get a fine description

of St. Nicholas, which in fact is

likely to become, if it has not already

been, as popular as "So Big," by the same

author.

The charity committee had sewing

ready, which was done by club mem-

bers during the meeting.

on the Mississippi river. The story is of a "show troupe," who travel up and down the river in a boat, the boat being their theater as well as their living quarters. This book is

likely to become, if it has not already

been, as popular as "So Big," by the same

author.

The charity committee had sewing

ready, which was done by club mem-

bers during the meeting.

GRAYLING HIGH LOSES TO THE BOYDAN

The local high school boys' basketball team met their second defeat of the season when they were trounced

by the Cheboygan high, to the tune of

24 to 9 on the local court last Friday

evening. The local quintet was at

the end of the score at the ter-

mination of each period, their op-

ponents never being in danger of be-

ing the world St. Nicholas, we have de-

rived our name Santa Claus, and he up:

has become a very real character in

the minds and hearts of American

children. We would not rob them of

their belief in a real Santa Claus, but

we would teach them that Santa

Claus is a spirit of good will and love,

and that the child himself becomes a

Santa Claus, when he makes a gift to

his wife.

LaGraw, F.

N. Stephan, C.

C. Wyke, G.

G. Schroeder, G.

Substitutions, E. Neal, L. Stephan.

Cheboygan—

Judie, F.

Medem, F.

Lawson, C.

McLeod, G.

Vallie, G.

The song "O, little Town of Beth-

lehem," which was written by Phillips

Brooks, and that by which we know

the author best, perhaps, was sung by

Mrs. Roy Miles.

Miss Winchell gave a very inter-

esting book review of "The Show

Boat," by Edna Ferber, depicting life

in a show boat.

Medem, F.

LaGraw, F.

N. Stephan, C.

C. Wyke, G.

G. Schroeder, G.

Substitutions, E. Neal, L. Stephan.

Cheboygan—

Judie, F.

Medem, F.

Lawson, C.

McLeod, G.

Vallie, G.

The song "O, little Town of Beth-

lehem," which was written by Phillips

Brooks, and that by which we know

the author best, perhaps, was sung by

Mrs. Roy Miles.

Miss Winchell gave a very inter-

esting book review of "The Show

Boat," by Edna Ferber, depicting life

in a show boat.

Medem, F.

LaGraw, F.

N. Stephan, C.

C. Wyke, G.

G. Schroeder, G.

Substitutions, E. Neal, L. Stephan.

Cheboygan—

Judie, F.

Medem, F.

LaGraw, F.

N. Stephan, C.



Brief but true  
And simple too  
It's A  
Merry Christmas  
I'm wishing you

Everything a Good Drug  
Store Should Have.

Up No. 1



CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

O. P. SCHUMANN, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year \$2.00  
Six Months 1.00  
Three Months .50  
Outside of Crawford County and  
Roscommon per year .25

Entered as Second Class Matter at  
the Postoffice, Grayling, Mich., under  
the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1926

Local News

January 6th. The third number on  
the Lyceum course.

Mrs. Blanche Hull was in Bay City  
over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. George Olson were in  
Saginaw the last of the week.

Miss Mildred Corwin of Lansing is  
spending the holidays, the guest of  
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Cor-  
win.

Dr. C. J. McCann announces that  
his dental office will be closed from  
December 24th to the 28th, as he will be  
out of the city.

Ned Woodman, popular cartoonist,  
will be in Grayling January 6th, at  
the Michelson Memorial church, the  
third number on the Lyceum course.

Emerson Brown, who is attending  
the University of Michigan for his  
second term, has arrived home for the  
holidays and is visiting his parents,  
Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Brown.

Miss Beulah Collen and Miss  
Lucilda Collen arrived home Monday  
to spend the holidays visiting their  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonso Col-  
len and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Col-  
len respectively.

Miss Carrie Jorgenson, accompa-  
nied by her mother, Mrs. Jorgenson,  
who has made her home with her  
daughter for some time, are leaving  
this week for St. Louis, Missouri,  
to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs.  
John R. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. H. William Ryan  
(Pillard-Smith) of Detroit are the  
proud parents of a son, born Thurs-  
day, Dec. 16th, at the home of Mrs.  
Ryan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas.  
L. Smith of this city. Mr. Ryan came  
up from Detroit for the week end to  
visit the newcomer.

DECEMBER											
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31									

Did you ever stop to think why the  
holly has become a symbol of Christ-  
mas? It is said that the sharp pointed  
leaves represent the crown of  
thorns that Christ wore when he was  
crucified, and the scarlet berries the  
drops of blood he shed.

George Schable, caretaker at the  
Hanson state military reservation, no  
doubt is a proud daddy, as a nine  
pound son was born to them Sunday  
morning at Ann Arbor. Mrs. Schable  
and babe are at the University hospital,  
and latest reports say they are  
doing nicely. George Jr. is the  
new arrival's name.

Drop in and see the new Fanchon  
toilet goods. We have them.  
Central Drug Store.

Ned Woodman admits that he can't  
just figure out why some people  
speak of his work as "instruction"  
and "uplifting," but he hopes that he  
is not doing much harm. Nevertheless,  
you will have an evening of unusual  
entertainment and enjoyment if  
you see him and listen to him when  
he appears here January 6th, on the  
Lyceum course.

If you like milk chocolate, and most  
everyone does, get a slice off the  
chocolate cow at Olaf Sorenson Sons  
Friday, December 24th. This cow,  
which is solid chocolate, is put out by  
the Runkel people and is a very ex-  
cellent model of a real cow. It weighs  
70 pounds. Don't forget, Friday is  
the day to get a piece of the Runkel  
cow, and at Sorenson's confectionery  
store.

The cabaret party staged at the  
Temple Theatre by Mr. and Mrs.  
Harry Thomas proved to be one of  
the best evening's entertainment seen  
in Grayling for some time. The decorations  
were beautiful and the novelty  
numbers prove very popular with the  
gray young dancers as well as the  
older folks. It was indeed an enjoy-  
able evening and both Mr. and Mrs.  
Thomas deserve much credit for the  
capable way these parties are being  
conducted. An extra pleasant attraction  
was the solo dancing by Miss  
Anita Thomas, a charming little  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas.  
The next party will be a Christmas  
party and dance, which will be held  
Thursday night, Dec. 23rd.

The Bethlehem of today shows all  
evidences of prosperity with its sur-  
roundings of olive groves, vineyards,  
pasture lands and grain fields." The  
little city of 8,000 inhabitants is set  
on the sides and summit of a semi-  
circle of hills and has been called the  
"House of Bread." Water is furnished  
this region through a great aqueduct  
from Solomon's Pool, and this is  
tapped at the foot of the hill and  
reservoirs are formed. This is one  
great feature in making this region  
one of the most prosperous.

To drive into this Bethlehem one  
must follow a rather "steep road run-  
ning between garden walls and  
ubiquitous buildings." The nearer  
you come to the town the narrower  
the road becomes, until it is not  
wide enough for two vehicles to pass.

For this reason there is one street by  
which to enter and another by which  
to leave.

Thousands of tourists visit this  
town every year and for this reason  
many of the inhabitants earn their  
living by making and selling souve-  
nirs made by nineteen different estab-  
lishments. If the traveler should  
stop in front of the church of the  
Nativity he might be surrounded by  
a shouting crowd, each trying to sell  
him a souvenir—olive wood candle-  
sticks and necklaces, carved mother-  
of-pearl, or cups from the black stone  
of the Dead Sea. And the prices are  
nearly double what the same article  
could be purchased in Jerusalem.

The tourist cannot imagine he is in  
the same quiet, peaceful Bethlehem  
of long ago. But if he can overlook  
disagreeable features such as those,  
he can go a little farther and there  
according to tradition, Jesus was  
born.

The Church of the Nativity, one of  
the oldest churches in the world, is  
not a large building, measuring only  
about 120 feet in length and a little  
less in width. It is said to have been  
erected some time during the begin-  
ning of the fourth century. Under-  
neath the church, there is a room 40  
feet by 12, with ceiling ten or twelve  
feet high, called the "grotto of the  
Nativity." Two soldiers stand near  
the entrance to maintain order. Near  
the wall of rock, and in front of it, a  
marble slab in the floor with a silver  
star in the center; on this star is this  
inscription: "Hic De Virgine Maria  
Jesus Christus Natus Est." ("Here  
Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin  
Mary.") Sixteen lamps of silver set  
over the star and burn there from  
year to year.

A recess cut in the rock wall is  
called the "Chapel of the Magi,"  
where Jesus was laid according to  
tradition. Near here is the "Chapel  
of the Magi" where the wise men  
came to worship him and offer their  
gifts. Kings and princes, when visiting  
this grotto, have left their gifts  
too, and the walls are covered with  
richly embroidered cloth and many  
lamps hang from the ceiling."

On Christmas eve of each year a  
great festival is held, beginning at  
ten o'clock. Toward midnight a long  
procession is formed—monks, long  
Turkish soldiers and the patriarch  
who holds a waxen baby representing  
Jesus lying in a manger on cushions  
of red silk with a layer of straw un-  
derneath, in remembrance of the  
"humble birth" of the Christ Child.

The procession passes through this  
grotto while the whole population is  
assembled outside. The patriarch  
sings the story of Christ's birth as  
given in the Gospel of Luke, and  
the celebration ends shortly after two  
o'clock in the morning with a solemn  
Te Deum. Then the people continue  
singing merry songs and feasting  
with brilliantly lighted torches until  
their vigils are ended by the rising  
sun."

Elizabeth—"Is that little brother  
of yours a tease?"

George—"That kid is the limit. He  
put a 'No Parking' sign on the place  
where I had hung my mistletoe."

"An enterprise, when fairly once  
begun, should not be left 'till all that  
ought is won."—Shakespeare.

Mr. Smith—"I suspect what we  
need in this business is brains,  
brains!"

Miss Titworth—"That does seem  
to be what's lacking."

Victory belongs to the most per-  
severing—Napoleon.

Tausman—"I ain't in favor of nothing  
English."

Miss Cottle—"Not even the language, I see."

Impossible is a word to be found  
only in the dictionary of fools.—Na-  
poleon.

Elizabeth—"Is that little brother  
of yours a tease?"

George—"That kid is the limit. He  
put a 'No Parking' sign on the place  
where I had hung my mistletoe."

"An enterprise, when fairly once  
begun, should not be left 'till all that  
ought is won."—Shakespeare.

Mr. Smith—"I suspect what we  
need in this business is brains,  
brains!"

Miss Titworth—"That does seem  
to be what's lacking."

Victory belongs to the most per-  
severing—Napoleon.

Tausman—"I ain't in favor of nothing  
English."

Miss Cottle—"Not even the language, I see."

Impossible is a word to be found  
only in the dictionary of fools.—Na-  
poleon.

Elizabeth—"Is that little brother  
of yours a tease?"

George—"That kid is the limit. He  
put a 'No Parking' sign on the place  
where I had hung my mistletoe."

"An enterprise, when fairly once  
begun, should not be left 'till all that  
ought is won."—Shakespeare.

Mr. Smith—"I suspect what we  
need in this business is brains,  
brains!"

Miss Titworth—"That does seem  
to be what's lacking."

Victory belongs to the most per-  
severing—Napoleon.

Tausman—"I ain't in favor of nothing  
English."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

Doing well depends upon doing  
completely.—Persian proverb.

Miss Titworth—"Entertained the  
assembly last Friday from 11:45  
to 12:30. Some bright high school  
pupils rendered a concert of peculiar  
sounds. No refreshments were serv-  
ed."

Miss Cottle—"Are you in favor of  
intelligence tests for admission to the  
United States?"

Amos—"Yes. If the newcomers are  
English lecturers."

## LYDIA of the Pines

by  
Honore  
Willie

(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)  
WNU Service

### THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With her baby sister, Patience, Lydia was born in the untidy home of her impoverished father, Amos Dudley, at Lake City. Her father's friend, and her own devoted mother, Mrs. Lydia, after discussing affairs with Dudley, made up his mind to take him into the city.

CHAPTER II.—Lydia, Patience, and a companion, Kent, Moulton, playing at the lake, are accosted by an old swain from the nearby reservation. Lydia, Amos' food, larger, small daughter of Mrs. Moulton, and a banker, joins them. In their play Margery falls into the water. She is pulled out unharmed, frightened, and rather calls on Amos to complain, blaming Lydia for the mishap.

CHAPTER III.—Lydia explains the accident and ascertains that because Margery is considered "stuck up" she is not to be allowed to go to the ranges for Lydia to teach Margery to swim and otherwise become "one of the crowd." Levine tells Amos his plan to go to the nearby Indian reservation and ultimately have a home for settlement. From an older boy, Billy Norton, Lydia gets a pair of wild ducks to destine their poverty the Duddies have a Christmas feast.

CHAPTER IV.—Patience succeeds in an attack on Lydia's virtue. Lydia, feeling that her trust in God is lost and her small world has collapsed, has a complete heartbreak. She writes a note of Amos, backed by Levine, and tells the child, pleads with Marshall, and for her sake he agrees to renew the note.

CHAPTER V.—Grieving for the loss of little Patience, Lydia's health fails. Levine, understanding the situation, gives her a pup, which the lonely child loves. Lydia, with the help of her mother, makes a new home apart from her hateful friends, commanding the respects of Miss Towne. The other girls, smartly dressed, make fun of her makeshift.

CHAPTER VI.—Lydia is selected as a sixteen-year-old maid to Charlie Jackson, tells Lydia of numerous wrongs done her people, mainly by Marshall and Levine. Lydia defends her people, and Levine, who tends a party given by her teacher, Miss Towne. The other girls, smartly dressed, and endeavor to attack him.

CHAPTER VII.—Levine is shot by an unseen assassin. "Recovering at the Dudley cottage, he learns the real explanation of the Duddies and their broken faith in God. The man and his mother enter into a compact to start a "search for God" together. Levine recovered, begins his campaign for congress.

CHAPTER VIII.—Lydia is unable to do the bidding of Levine from Charlie Jackson, and, despite his deep faith in her old friend, is shaken by the young Indian's stories. Levine has undertaken to do despite his disapproval, in his heart passionately in love with the young girl.

CHAPTER IX.—Lydia is triumphant in his campaign for congress. Lydia earns enough money selling fudge to get a room in Charlie's rooming house, and two more—Misses Anna Bach and a KTT named Olga. Miss Towne chaperons them.

CHAPTER X.—Walking with Kent in the woods, Lydia witnesses a meeting between Kent and Charlie, who, that Charlie has been right in accusing Levine of plotting to rob the Indians.

CHAPTER XI.—A visit from the old aqua-whom Lydia had befriended long ago causes Charlie to tell more of Margery's secret. The two, Kent, Lydia, and Amos, promise to talk to Levine. Billy Fulton makes a boorish proposal of marriage to Lydia, who repulses him. Her talk with Levine, the man, and Amos' mother, are—like all others—despite their disapproval, in her heart passionately in love with the young girl.

CHAPTER XII.—Charlie tells Lydia his father was killed by halfbreeds at the instigation of Levine and she is to blame. Lydia, who is poor, but not poverty, also weighs heavily on her. She is elected class valedictorian. Billy Norton takes her to the senior ball, which is her first girlie-women's formal.

CHAPTER XIII.—Congress passes Levine's bill for the opening of the reservation. At the celebration of the event, the Indians, led by Charlie, make Lydia a present of a pony. Lydia, from Amos, arranges to get 100 acres of the reservation, through Levine. Billy tells Lydia he is going to expose Marshall's crooked deals.

CHAPTER XIV.—A congressional commission comes to Lake City to investigate Indian matters, and evidence involving most of the town's prominent citizens is produced.

CHAPTER XV.—Before the commission, Charlie Jackson accuses Levine of corruption. Lydia, who is very angry, defends Levine. Dave Marshall is exposed as the owner of the "Last Chance," a brothel which was also headquarters for the illegal selling of whisky to Indians.

### CHAPTER XVI

#### The Military Hop

Margery, for the first month or so, was silent and kept as close as possible to Lydia's up-springs. But no girl as beautiful as she was could be kept in Coventry long and though she refused for a time to go to parties, it was not long before Margery was taking tramps with the college boys and joining happily enough in Lydia's fun.

Lydia did not hear from Kent until a week before the first college hop, late in October. Then she received a formal note from him, reminding her of his invitation.

"Oh, Lydia!" exclaimed Margery, "aren't you lucky! I haven't seen Kent or heard from him since our trouble!"

"Neither have I," said Lydia. "And I suspect he's so cross with me that he hates to keep this engagement. But I don't care. I wish I had a new dress. But I've made the sleeves small in my organdie, and made a new girdle. It looks as well as could be expected!" she finished comically.

The hop was a success, a decided success, in spite of the organdie. Kent was inclined to be stiff, at first, and to wear a slightly injured air, and yet, mingled with this was a frank and youthful bravado. And there could be no doubt that among the college boys, Kent was more or less of a hero. It was something to boast of, evidently, to have one's name coupled with Levine's in the great scandal.

Kent had supposed that he would

have some trouble in filling Lydia's card for her, but to his surprise, he found that in her timid way, Lydia was something of a personage among the older college boys and the young professors.

It was altogether an intoxicating evening and at its end Lydia pulled on her last winter's overcoat and clambered into Kent's little automobile, utterly satisfied with life.

"Oh, Kent, it was wonderful!"

"And you don't feel as if I were a within any more? You've forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you? For what?"

"For not agreeing with you on the Indian question. Gee, I was sore at you, Lydia, that morning at the hearing, and yet I was like your dad. I was proud of you, too."

"Oh, don't let's talk about it, to-night, Kent," Lydia protested.

"All right, old girl, only just remember that I can't change. I back Mr. Levine to the limit. And maybe he hasn't a surprise party coming for all of you!"

"I don't care," insisted Lydia. "I'm going to be happy tonight, and I won't talk Indians. Margery is feeling much better. She's at our house every Sunday. You must come round and see her!"

"Why shouldn't I come to see you, Lydia?" asked Kent, with a new note in his voice.

"Why, of course, you'd see me, but Margery's always been the main attraction with you."

"How she! Seems to me I recall a time when I couldn't endure the sight of her. And when you were the best pal I had. That's what you are, Lydia, a real pal. A fellow can dirt

"I'm the cold, Lydia?" he asked.

"Socks," whispered Lydia, "bushels of socks, aren't there, Billy?"

Billy picked up her hand and felt her pulse, pulled the shawl up over her chest, put his cheek down against her forehead, for a moment as he murmured, "Oh, Lydia, don't be sick!" I couldn't bear it!" then he hurried to the kitchen where Lizzie was getting supper.

The next thing that Lydia knew she was in her own bed and "Doe" Fulton was taking the clinical thermometer from her mouth. She was very much confused.

"Where's my fifteen dollars?" she asked.

"What fifteen dollars, little daughter?" Amos was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding her hand.

"For my party dress—white with

"With socks—please, daddy."

Amos looked at Lizzie. "It's what she wanted for the junior prom, I guess," said the old lady, "poor child."

"You shall have fifteen dollars, just as soon as you get well, honey," said Amos.

"All right," said Lydia, hoarsely.

"Tell Kent so's he is." She trailed off again into stupor.

It was a hard pull, a sharp, hard struggle with badly congested lungs, for two weeks. Ma Norton, Doe, charge and "Doe" Fulton was there night after night. Margery, came every day, with a basket, to practically feed Amos during the two weeks. Billy did chores. Kent was errand boy with the little girl. And Adam sat on the doorstep for hours and howled!

But Lydia was splendidly strong.

One night, after ten days of stupor and delirium, she opened her eyes on Amos' haggard face. She spoke weakly.

"Lydia! Lydia! I need you so!" cried Kent. "You are such a dear, such a pal, so pretty, so sweet—and I need you so! Won't you marry me, Lydia?"

"I'd like to try to you, dear if—Walt, Kent, wait! Let me have my playtime, Kent. I've never had a real one, you know, till now. Let me finish college, then ask me again, will you, Kent?"

Kent jerked his head disconsolately. "I think it would be better for us to go to each other right now. Please, Lydia—dear!"

Lydia shook her head slowly. "Let me have my playtime, Kent. I don't know that side of myself at all."

Kent looked into the clear tender blue of Lydia's eyes. Then he said softly, "All right, dear! You know best. Put will you give me just one kiss for remembrance?"

"Yes," replied Lydia, lifting her face and Kent pulled off his cap and kissed the warm, girlish lips, tenderly. Lingeringly, then, without a word, gently turned Lydia homeward.

Kent's announcement that he had broken with Billy Norton did not amount to great heat. As winter came on he and Billy met constantly at the cottage and, outwardly, at least, were friendly. The commission finished its sitting and turned its findings over to congress. Congress instructed the district attorney to carry the matter to the state courts. When this had been done all the incriminating had been a vast sigh of relief, and prepared to mark time.

During all Lydia's junior year, but one as appeared in her outfit, And one course, was with reference to this, of course, to the perennial haunting problem of Lydia's, which only a woman who has been motherless and poverty-stricken can fully appreciate. The latter part of February, the great college social event of the year was to come, the junior prom. Lydia felt sure that either Kent or Billy would ask her to go and for this the organization would not do. And for this she must have a party coat.

Lydia knew if she took the matter up with Amos he would go out and borrow money for her. She shuddered at the thought of this. Then she found of the "College Money-Making Bureau." She discovered that there were girls who were earning their way through college and that the bureau was one of the quiet ways used by the university to help them.

There was the mending department for example. Here were brought every week by the well-to-do students piles of mending of every variety from needless socks and stockings, to threadbare underwear and frayed cuffs and collars. These were made into packages and forwarded to the money-making girls.

"She's going!" cried Kent. Margery's beautiful eyes were glowing. "Yes, I'm going, Lydia! And if nobody else will dance with me, Kent will take all the dances."

Lydia smiled at Kent. "Lydia was the next caller. "I left dad and Amos saying the hatos through free trade," he said. "Gee, Lydia, but you do look better! You don't suppose you could possibly go to the prom, just for one or two weeks, do you?"

Lydia shook her head. "No clothes,"

she said briefly. "Add some other girl!"

"There isn't any other girl," replied Billy. "If I can't go with you, I'll be hanged if I go at all! Lydia, I don't see why a sensible girl like you can't stress on clothes. Honestly, it's not like you. Come on, be a sport and go in your usual dress, or let me lend you the money to get a complete party outfit with."

"Billy, Norton, you know I wouldn't borrow money from a man!" exclaimed Lydia. "Besides, I've got enough money I earned myself!"

Lydia dug the little pocketbook from under the sofa pillow and spread the money proudly on her shawl. "There it is, and it's the root of all my troubles."

Billy looked at her suspiciously. "Young woman, how'd you earn that money?" he demanded.

"Socks! Bushels of socks, mostly," answered Lydia with a chuckle that ended in a groan. She looked at Billy whimsically and then as the sureness of his understanding came to her again, she told him the story of her little midnight sweatshop.

It seemed for a moment as if he must gather the slight little figure to his heart, but he set his teeth.

"If that darned prom means as much as that to you—" he began, but Lydia interrupted him.

"It doesn't any more, Billy. I've learned a lot of things since I've been sick. I was a little idiot to work so hard for clothes! But I don't think it was all clothes. I wanted to be like other girls. I wanted to have the man that took me proud of my appearance."

The great health movement is sweeping over the entire world. Hygiene has repudiated the outworn doctrine that mortality is fatality and must exact year after year a fixed and inevitable sacrifice. It aims instead to set human life free by applying modern science, on the principle that the truth shall make us free. Modern science, which has revolutionized every other field of human endeavor, is also revolutionizing the field of health conservation.

The practice of medicine, which for ages has been known as the "healing art," is undergoing a gradual but radical revolution.

The preventive methods of modern medicine are being applied by the people themselves, as witness the two young people at silence.

Lydia watched the snowflakes settle on the already overladen boughs of the pine. Billy watching the sensitive lines in Lydia's face change with each passing thought.

"Lydia," she said, "what would you say if next year I took the short course in agriculture?"

"I'd be speechless!" he exclaimed.

"I hate to think of teaching," Lydia went on, "and I'm curvy about the country and farming and so is dad. And there's more than that to it."

"What more there was to it, she did not say then, for Ma Norton came bustling in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

#### First Commerce Chamber

The New York City Chamber of Commerce, organized in 1788 and incorporated under a royal charter from King George III in 1770, was the first institution of its kind in the United States.

**Will there be an Orthophonic Victrola in your home this Christmas?**

CHRISTMAS is not really Christmas without music. Bring the true holiday spirit into your home with the best music in the world—Orthophonic Music. The gift that keeps on giving!

You can still get an Orthophonic Victrola in time for Christmas. But the time is short. Come in and see us about it—now!

ly but naturally. "Hello, dad! I ask Margery to get me the pattern we were talking about. It's a day or so up and around."

Amos began to cry for sheer joy.

Once she began to mend, Lydia's recovery was unbelievably rapid. On a Sunday, a week before the junior prom, she was able to dress and to the on the living room couch. During the afternoon, Kent came in.

"Hello, Lydia!" he cried. "Are you going to go to the junior prom with me, after all?"

"Kent, I can't go. I might be strong enough for one or two dances by that time, but I can't get my clothes done."

"Pshaw, isn't that hard luck! Kent's voice was soft with sympathy. "Never mind, old lady! I'm so darned glad to have you getting well so fast, that the prom doesn't matter. Say, Lydia, Margery's come out fine, since you've been sick! Er—Lydia, don't you think she'd go to the prom with me? Seems to me she's been out society as long as she needs to."

"I think she ought to go if she wants to," Lydia said.

"Guess I'll ask her now," cried Kent, disappearing kitchenward.

Lydia lay watching snowflakes softly past the window. It was not long before Margery and Kent appeared.

"She's going!" cried Kent. Margery's beautiful eyes were glowing. "Yes, I'm going, Lydia! And if nobody else will dance with me, Kent will take all the dances."

Lydia smiled at Kent.

Lydia was the next caller. "I left

dad and Amos saying the hatos through free trade," he said. "Gee, Lydia, but you do look better! You don't suppose you could possibly go to the prom, just for one or two weeks, do you?"

Lydia shook her head. "No clothes,"

#### MAKING CHRISTMAS DINNER EASY FOR THE HOMEMAKER

A Christmas dinner which can be prepared ahead of time is a holiday suggestion of the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. This does not mean a cold handout for the family, either. It means planning ahead and selecting dishes for which work can be done one or two days before Christmas. The homemaker can then spend the day in the front of the house instead of over the stove in the kitchen.

We are beginning to leave this false tradition behind and are working toward the establishment of more wholesome ideals. It is probably true, for instance, that the man or the woman who is unhealthy is now handicapped in opportunities for marriage, the public attitude toward which may be considered an index to the ideals of society.

A great health movement is sweeping over the entire world. Hygiene has repudiated the outworn doctrine that mortality is fatality and must exact year after year a fixed and inevitable sacrifice. It aims instead to

# Santa Claus Was Good to Me



## Farm Bureau Notes

R. D. Bailey, Co. Agricultural Agent

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers;  
None goes his way alone.  
All that we send into the lives of others,  
Comes back into our own."

Edwin Markham

Merry Christmas.

With the barn full of feed, the stock well-stabled, the cellar full of fruit and vegetables, a dressed hog and half a beef put away, the woodshed full of a winter's dry wood, a good supply of books and magazines, and possibly radio, why shouldn't our farm folks take some comfort, have Christmas cheer, and be thankful for a substantial farm home?

Good Times in the Neighborhood

Farm neighbors have a splendid chance to have good times this winter in visiting back and forth, with little or no expense. My! What good times neighbors can have—men, women and children, and a fine spirit of good will be cultivated!

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock in the forenoon was the usual meeting hour. While the women visited and got the dinner in shape, the children would play tag and pull-away. It was surprising how promptly the crowd came. I have seen the time when not a family had arrived, and in 15 minutes from that time they had all arrived, and that from as far as 12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting

hour. While the women visited

and got the dinner in shape, the

children would play tag and pull-away.

It was surprising how promptly the

crowd came. I have seen the time

when not a family had arrived, and in

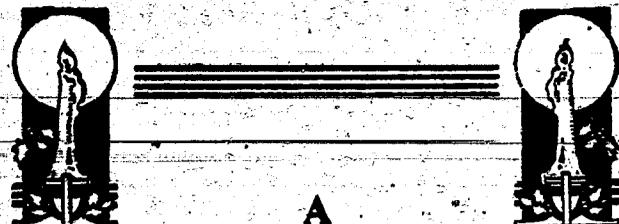
15 minutes from that time they had

all arrived, and that from as far as

12 miles.

At the summer meetings 10 o'clock

in the forenoon was the usual meeting



Merry Christmas  
To All

Max Landsberg

Clothing, Shoes and Gents Furnishings

### Local News

Anybody ever hear a flapper sing "Home, Sweet Home?"

Christmas will not be complete without a potted plant or bouquet of flowers.

Emil Giegling returned last week from a pleasure trip to the states of New York and Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Victor Smith returned home from Bay City Tuesday where she had been spending a few days.

Last Friday night was a hounding for weather, the thermometer registering thirty-four degrees below zero.

The Grayling Opera house will present "The Canadian" on Christmas night. This picture has a great reputation and will be sure to please the holiday crowds that night.

J. L. Martin, a Michigan Central employee, broke three ribs Wednesday of last week when he slipped on the ice while attempting to get out of the way-car near Alba. He is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Holst and little son, Spencer M. of Detroit are expected to arrive tomorrow to spend the holidays with Mrs. Holst's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. McCullough.

The Michelson Memorial Sunday school Christmas tree and entertainment will be held at the church on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All departments of the Sunday school will meet at that hour.

Manager Geo. Olson of the Opera house gave members of the high school ball team and some of the local news boys a treat Monday night when they were invited to become his guests to see "The Quarterback" starring Richard Dix. Needless to say, these youngsters got a real thrill out of that fine movie.

At the meeting of the Mercy Hospital Aid society at the home of Mrs. A. J. Joseph Thursday, December 9, the annual election of officers took place. The following will have charge of the official duties of the society for the ensuing year: Mrs. C. G. Clippert, president; Mrs. Paul Hendrie, vice-president; Mrs. Robert J. Legner, secretary-treasurer. The retiring president, Mrs. Louis Herbig, has had a most successful year, the sum of \$1200 having been raised during her term.

### The Gift Shop



White many friends on Christmas Day  
Send greetings good and true  
Just let us add to all they say—  
Our own sincere "we too."

B. A. Cooley Redson & Cooley  
Jeweler Ready-to-Wear

Our Sincere  
Wishes

GAIN the Christmas Tree uplifts  
Love-laden arms and many gifts,  
Beneath its branches may there be  
A blessed Christmas gift for  
thee.

Merry Christmas to All

Grayling Creamery  
ALFRED BEBB, Prop.

driver who, desiring to go straight, places himself in the right-hand lane when the traffic signal goes up against him stays there during the entire period, gains nothing for himself, but blocks cars behind him, which desiring to turn to the right and otherwise, have to come straight through and turn into the traffic. This is a matter where the police department is helpless. Regulation cannot bring the change about. Only education can.

This is an appeal to the motoring public for their own benefit and for the benefit of the city as a whole, to educate themselves, follow the plan and spread the news.

### FREDERIC

The school will give an entertainment and Christmas tree on Thursday evening at school house.

The church and Sunday school will have a program and tree on Friday evening at the church.

Mrs. Crandall will entertain her sister over Christmas.

Howard Lodge is back from his summer cruise on the lakes and is visiting his sister, Mrs. Will Leng.

The weather man is not doing a very warm stroke of business, as Thursday night at nine o'clock the mercury registered 30 degrees below zero and Saturday morning 38.

Frank Leng and mother came up from Flint to see his father and other relatives.

Last Monday night at 10:30 a car load of men started for Florida, the party consisting of Sidney Barber and two sons, Edward McCracken and Rob Webster. When last heard from they were still in the snow at Cumberland's Gap.

Professor Christier has his radios, which he manufactured himself, in his room at the school house. They are drawing some attraction with the young people.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bader are the proud parents of a new son born December 11th.

Max Tobin is home for the holidays.

The sons of Wm. Smith of Maple Forest returned last Sunday.

Harry Hart of Adrian is here for his vacation.

### LOVELLS NEWS

(By Erwin Greer, president Green College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

You cuss when traffic isn't speeded up along the particular streets you have chosen to get home. That is yours and the fault of the other fellow. If you and the other fellow would only figure out the following as logic why traffic wouldn't be a job forever.

Here's a way to cut delay at the psychological point where all traffic trouble starts—corners. Pick your lane. Let every driver on every street decide well back in the middle of the block what he is going to do at the next corner. If he is going to go straight, let him place himself in the middle of the street. If he is going to turn right, let him get over to the right. If he is going to turn left, let him move over to the left. Thousands of hours every day are lost by the corner tie-ups and tangles which result from foolish thoughtlessness.

Mr. Driver, who leaves the corner, wants to turn to the left and suddenly wakes up to the fact that he has placed himself way over at the right, must see-saw right across the face of all the traffic moving in the same direction he has come from, slow it all up, slow up himself, cause sudden jamming of brakes, much loss of time and temper. When traffic is stopped the right lane nearest the curb should always be kept open for cars wishing to come through and turn to the right—turning into traffic that is moving in the other direction. The

Miss Margaret Douglas spent a few days visiting at Grayling.

Pete Lovely went to Grayling Saturday to spend a few days with his family.

Mrs. Jack Hanson is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Clarence Stillwagon.

Charles Papenfus has returned from Grayling Mercy hospital, much improved.

Mrs. William Paige has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burpee are here at the home of their son, George Burpee.

The John Stice family have moved away.

Mr. Hunt has gone to Boyne City after his wife.

Merrile and Sarah Vance, who are attending high school at Grayling came home Saturday to spend a few days.

Pete Lovely has started hauling timber with seven teams.

Who said we wouldn't have a white Christmas?

Fred Rowe was up here from Detroit.

### MOTORING THRU SNOWDRIFTS

From now until the end of the winter snow is likely to occur at any time, at least, in most sections. A week-end trip, begun in warm weather, may finish in a drifting snowstorm.

Old drivers know how to handle a drift that has formed in the roadway and causes the wheels to spin around and around. New motorists may have had no chance to learn their lesson, and are thus likely to attempt to force their way through the drift without pressing out their clutch.

The clutch will soon burn out completely if this method is practiced.

The only way to force your car through the small, tantalizing drifts you wish to get out and kick the snow away is to press out the clutch as you strike the drift. If you do not get through, back out in your tracks for ten yards or so, and again charge the drift, pressing out your clutch at the last moment. A few charges of this kind will put you on the home side of the average small drifts, with nothing to worry you except the slight delay.

### HEALTH NEWS

#### Buckwheat Pancakes

Buckwheat pancakes! What visions the words conjure up to those who were the youth of yesterday. A winter morning—outside, deep snow and zero weather; inside, a roaring wood fire, a red hot stove, steaming coffee, maple syrup, ham or salt pork, or bacon and eggs, and plates heaped high with buckwheat cakes; with mother traveling steadily between stove and table, refilling plates that emptied so rapidly.

Mothers of that yesterday were not troubled with the problem of what to have for breakfast. From the earliest snowfall of autumn until the latest snowfall of spring, the breakfast menu was unchanged, with buckwheat cakes holding always the place of honor.

And people lived to tell the story, many of them, at least those who went out all day to cut wood or do chores or haul grain. Even the children survived, some of them, saved by the fact that they trudged miles to school each day regardless of wind or weather. Their heavy diet was perhaps not too ill adapted to their hard life.

Those children of yesterday are the grown folk of today. Many of them have come to the city. The automobile has become their means of locomotion. Their lives are changed, their habits sedentary. Though city life has forced many of them to change their diet, others still cling to the diet of their youth and to the ham and bacon and buckwheat cakes they ate of yore. The children, whose walk to school is but a step, are fed as are their elders. Grown folks often fail to realize that the diet of a child should differ from their own.

But when old folk and young folk grow dull and sleepy and heavy of head, when they are troubled with indigestion, they rarely guess that the cause of the difficulty might be those same buckwheat cakes, brown, beautiful, and steaming, the golden syrup in which they bathe, and the sauted bacon and ham which accompany them.

### 76 CHRISTMAS A PRAYER



— MARION R. REAGAN

IT WAS cold along the Seine that Christmas Eve. There was a thin rain, half snow, and a nasty, penetrating wind coming up from the river that sent chills trembling down one's back.

Little Juliette Caret blew her breath against her hands to warm them and pulled her ragged little coat more tightly about her. She was the sole support of a family of four—this little, shivering tot, who stood always before the door of Notre Dame selling holy cards and medals to people as they passed in or out of the church.

Her mother was very ill and the three other children of the family—two younger than Juliette—were too little to do any kind of work. How she would have loved to bring home something very special for them this Christmas!

On her way to the church this evening she had stopped to look in at the window of a patisserie shop and her heart was taken with a great cake in the center—all white with dots of large red cherries around the sides.

The price was ten francs. She took out her little worn purse and counted two francs, five sous. Slowly she

closed the purse and put it back in her pocket. The cake was out of the question. It would have to be a loaf of bread only.

All evening she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.

On the way she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

&lt;p